

JOHNSON

Children's Day will be observed next Sunday morning at the Cong'l church.

O. B. Landon is building a new veranda at his residence on Railroad street.

Mrs. O. A. McFarland was in Montpelier last week to attend a Musical Festival.

The Jeffersonville band furnished music here Memorial Day.

Miss Flora Tuliper was home from Morrisville last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moles have returned from a visit in Underhill.

Mrs. Mattie Baker passed last Saturday in Burlington.

Mrs. E. M. Green is ill from a throat trouble and under the care of a physician.

Earl Holmes was home from the U. V. M. over Memorial Day.

Miss Georgia Bailey was home from her school in Cambridge the last of the week.

Miss Doris Denio gave her class in music a picnic at the lower falls Saturday afternoon.

Miss Ruth Burnham, niece of Mrs. C. P. Jones and Mrs. O. B. Landon, visited them recently.

The S. of V. and Auxiliary presented a drama, 'A Noble Oath', Friday evening to a \$100 house.

Prin. Morrill of Bakersfield Academy and Prin. Smith of Hardwick Academy were in town Memorial Day.

'The Colonel's Maid,' a drama, was presented by members of J. H. S. at Jeffersonville Friday evening, May 30.

Miss Nina Culver of Richmond visited her aunt, Mrs. E. H. Scott, last week, also Miss Elsie Taylor of Waterville.

The Commencement exercises of the Johnson High school will be held Friday evening, June 13, at the opera house.

The Baccalaureate sermon will be delivered by Rev. F. B. Hazen next Sunday evening, June 8, at the Congregational church.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Sanders and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Bassett and son returned to Barre the first of the week, after visiting Mrs. J. L. Pierce.

Last Friday afternoon the Bakersfield Academy base ball team played the J. H. S. on the Waterman grounds. The score was 5 to 4 in favor of B. A.

Mrs. Hattie Pearl, Miss Elliott, Miss Coombs and Miss Nichols went to Newport in J. D. Odell's auto Saturday, returning the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Welch and son, Maynard, of Hardwick returned home the first of the week, after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCain.

Mrs. Sarah Mansfield returned last week from Waterville, Conn., where she left her daughter, Hilma, very comfortable and thought to be out of danger.

Sam Scribner returned Saturday to the State Hospital in Taunton, Mass. He has been taking a much needed rest and recuperating from an operation on his throat.

Bellows Free Academy played the J. H. S. team at Jeffersonville Saturday afternoon; score 16 to 4 in favor of B. F. A. This is the last scheduled game of the season.

The delegates from the local church to the Lam-dille County Association to be held at North Hyde Park Wednesday, June 4, are Supt. Morris Hill, Mr. and Mrs. DeForest Collins and Miss Janie K. Holmes.

Rev. C. A. Roney and family returned last week from Spring Valley, N. Y. While they were taking their vacation a new veranda was added to the front of the parsonage as a surprise by his parishioners.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Dr. Henry Andrew Folsom of this place to Miss Jessie Bertella Hayes of East St. Johnsbury on Wednesday, June 11, at the Congregational church at East St. Johnsbury. They will be at home after Aug. 1st at Johnson.

Memorial Day exercises were held Friday afternoon in the opera house under the direction of the Sons of Veterans with J. D. Perkins in charge. Business closed at noon. The residences were decorated. The following program was given:—Prayer, Rev. G. M. Davis; recitations, pupils of the graded school; duet, Misses Jones and Kempton; singing, male quartet, composed of D. B. Smalley, M. A. Wilson, Walbridge Fullington and Frank Ward. Hon. Norris Blake of Manchester, N. H., delivered the address, which was one of the best ever given here.

Firm Stand.

"Have you decided what appointment you will ask for?" "No," replied the applicant for appointment, "but I took a firm stand and let the administration know that on its action depends my decision on the advisability of granting more than a single presidential term."—Washington Star.

Won't Stand for That.

Mrs. Fitzwell (socially inclined)—"My dear, I have picked out a husband for you." Her daughter—"Very well; but I tell you emphatically that when it comes to buying the wedding dress I'll select the material myself."

In Case of Accidents

Cuts, Scalds, Burns, Sprains and Bruises, Insect or Mosquito Bites, APPLY FREELY

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YOUR MONEY REFUNDED.

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BABY IN THE HOD?

No baby in the Roller Bearing Coal Pan

1-4 more heat around oven means quicker work with less fuel.

HUB Ranges work in all drafts, because cur flue makes only 4 turns—others make 6—1-3 less turns means less friction and better bake

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HUB RANGES Have Heat on Five Sides of the Oven

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BABY IN THE HOD?



FEEDING THE FIRE FROM THE ROLLER BEARING COAL PAN

ANOTHER COOK BUT THE SAME COOKER

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GRANDMA'S PARROT

It Could Repeat the Lord's Prayer From Beginning to End, and Then Some.

By BRYANT C. ROGERS.

Mr. Fred Derwent was twenty-four years old. He was referred to as young Derwent, in order not to mix him up with any old Derwent who might have reached the age of a hundred.

Young Derwent was called an artist. This was to distinguish him from the many house painters one saw at work every fine day.

He was an orphan, adopted and reared by his grandmother in Connecticut. She had much to answer for.

Young Derwent developed a talent for sketching with charcoal and chalk. At nine years old he could sketch a rooster so naturally that hens would gather around the picture and cluck.

A year later he drew such a natural face of Elder Comstock on a barn door that his proud grandma had to pay a fine of \$10 to keep him out of jail.

Young Derwent managed somehow to pull through until he was of age. Then, as it was apparent to all but other artists and a few scene painters that he was a genius with the brush, he was sent to the city to set up a studio and blossom out. In the space of four years he painted three portraits. One was that of an alderman, who went to the state prison for graft within a week after his picture was finished; the second was that of a saloon keeper, whose wife eloped and took the picture with her, and the third was that of a bull-dog, who straight way went mad and bit his master and no one blamed him for it.

When young Derwent was not busy with his brush he played poker, golf, polo and attended ball games. He wasn't at all bad. He did not care particularly about going to heaven when he died, but it is simply impossible for one reared under the laws of Connecticut to be bad, even with a small "b."

Most artists fall in love at a tender age and keep it up till they strike 80. Young Derwent had never loved. He might sometime, but he wasn't betting on it. He was sociable, but did not seek to make himself popular. He was satisfied to go right along being Mr. Derwent and having his grandmother foot the bills.

In the next apartment to Mr. Derwent's studio dwelt Miss Honore Haswell. She didn't call her place an atelier or a studio, but her office. Her line was not mercantile or law, but literary. She wrote stories for the magazines. She read some of them to her intimate friends, but no one ever read one of them in cold type. It always happened that the magazines were overstocked with stories in her line whenever she sent one in. If they rejected a story she sent in, she sat down and invented and sent in a religious one, it was the same excuse—overstocked.

Miss Haswell may have been an orphan or she may not. She may have had plenty of money, or she may have had to pinch. Be that as it may, she was no kicker. She piled her rejected manuscripts in a corner of her office as they came back.

Mr. Derwent and Miss Haswell were not acquainted. They used the same stairway, and often bumped against each other in the semi-darkness, but she had never smiled at him, and he had never winked at her. They may have wondered about each other sometimes, but it stopped right there. Perhaps this was a wise thing on the part of both, but it is also to be remembered that there is such a thing as carrying wisdom too far.

One morning young Derwent awoke with a troubled conscience. A still small voice charged him with neglecting his grandmother. He hadn't been up to Connecticut to see her for three months, and it had been several weeks since he had written her that she might send an extra check. It wasn't using the dear old girl according to Hoyle. She was drying apples and making soft soap, and he was loafing around. She was putting a second mortgage on her stony old farm and scraping the bottom of the flour barrel, and he was betting on the ponies and ordering fried eggs at the restaurant. He would take a run up among the wooden nutmegs and see her and assure her of his undying love and gratitude. Also, that he expected a commission to paint a famous portrait.

The grateful adopted went further. He would take up some little present to prove his thoughtfulness and consideration—not an expensive present, but a memento to be laid away in the archives after being rolled in camphor. After eating his breakfast he went strolling to see what he could find. He had almost decided on a celluloid back-comb, price twenty cents, when he met a sailor carrying a parrot on his arm.

"Come to anchor, Jack Brace!" commanded the artist.

"Aye, aye, sir! It's a parrot just from Africa and I'll sell her cheap."

"Shiver my timbers, but might she make a present for my grandmother?"

"Mains' haul, but you couldn't beat it, matey. Your grandmother would prize the bird above rubies."

"Can she talk?"

"She says the Lord's prayer three times a day and sings gospel hymns the rest of the time. She's equal to a preacher boarding in the house. Reformed our whole crew, 'cepting the capt'ing on the run from Capetown."

"She'd be company for an old woman," mused the artist.

"She'd never let an old woman see a lonely minute. I don't see how they do without 'em, 'cepting they can't find 'em to buy. Only a dollar for the bird. What d'ye say?"

Polly changed hands at the price, and thereby young Derwent had every reason to congratulate himself. He had bought a fine present at a bargain and he had provided religious company for his dear grandmother.

Polly was mute and humble. She did not even look into the countenance of her owner to see whether he was saint or sinner. A cage was bought for her and she was taken to the studio and placed on the window ledge. The next day she was to go up to Connecticut. Perhaps it was the words of young Derwent, and perhaps it was the sight of Miss Haswell's head out of the window, that set the bird talking. Scarcely had its owner asked it please to favor him with the Lord's prayer when the answer came:

"You can go to—"

Miss Haswell was looking right into Polly's eyes, and the word seemed intended for her. They hit like so many blows, and the laughter of the artist stung like a whip, although she knew that he didn't know she was there by her window. Having awakened to the business before her, Polly continued:

"Luff! Lud! Why in — don't you luff!"

"That's no Lord's Prayer that I ever heard before!" chuckled the artist.

"Oh, the shame of it," exclaimed Miss Haswell as she changed color several times in 14 seconds.

"It's a lie!" from Polly.

Young Derwent giggled as he thought of what his grandmother would say.

Miss Haswell doubled her fists and shut her teeth and took a resolution.

"Hard over with your wheel you slouch!"

The hall door of the studio was banged open, and Miss Haswell stood there with burning cheeks and announced:

"Sir, I will have you arrested!"

"But I have done nothing," was the calm reply.

"Your—your parrot!"

"Bought him an hour ago. I didn't teach him to swear, if he did swear."

"You know he swore, sir—you know he did!"

And Polly bowed her head in all humility and began on the Lord's prayer and repeated it to the last word. Young Derwent looked up at the girl, and she stammered:

"I—I thought — thought it was swearing. I most humbly beg your pardon."

That evening they sat together in the parlor and discussed good and bad parrots, also good and bad magazine editors, also, good and bad portrait painters. Meanwhile the parrot swore softly to himself and muttered that he'd be — if some folks in this world weren't so mighty particular that they ought to get out of it and into that land where a bird could talk as he pleased without being misunderstood and vilified.

The artist and the story writer liked each other. In time they discovered they were soul-mates. Later they were married.

Polly went up the country and stuck to the Lord's prayer for a year. Then she changed off for the lore of the sea, and young Derwent's grandmother was found dead in her chair. The shock had been too great for her.

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MOST USED VEGETABLE DRUG

Cactus, According to Canvass of Physicians of This Country, Leads All the Rest.

In an attempt to determine just which of the vegetable drugs are most utilized by the practicing physicians of the country, whether regular, eclectic or homeopathic, a comprehensive list was sent out to 30,000 practitioners.

Care was taken to exclude all specialists and to have every part of the United States represented. More than 10,000 answers were received. The drug leading the list was cactus, which, according to Clinical Medicine, was a genuine surprise.

The number of votes it received was 6,239. The next seven, in the order named, were hydrastine, aconite, gelsemium, ipecac, digitalis, ergot and belladonna.

Cactus is a purified extract of a special variety of cactus plant growing in a certain soil in Mexico, and has to be taken from the plant at a certain stage.

Mixed Metaphors.

The British house of commons is never so amused as when a member is betrayed, in his enthusiasm, into a mixed metaphor. Mr. Balfour, some time ago, spoke of "an empty theater of unsympathetic auditors," while Lord Curzon remarked that "though not out of the wood, we have a good ship."

Sir William Hart Dyke has told how Mr. Lowther "had caught a big fish in his net, and went to the top of the tree for it," while a financial minister assured the commons that "the steps of the government should go hand in hand with the interests of the manufacturer." And it was in the lords that the government was warned that "the constitutional rights of the people were being trampled upon by the mailed hand of authority."

Some Queer Mixtures.

"My wife is learning to cook by cook book."

"The book must be full of typographical errors, judging by the way things turn out."



Obvious.

"Patrick, the widow of Mahoney tells me that you stole one of her finest pigs. Is it correct?"

"Yes, your reverence."

"Oh, Patrick, Patrick! When you are brought face to face with the widow and the pig on the great judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of stealing?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, your reverence?"

"To be sure, I did."

"Well, then, your reverence, I'd say 'Mrs. Mahoney, there's your pig.'"

IN DARKEST AFRICA.

King Tappochre—I shall keep these books to use them for a throne.

Book Agent—Thanks, your majesty. I've been trying to get royalty on my books for a long time!

WAS KNOCKED OUT.

Hoax—What happened when you discharged your cook?

Joax—I can't remember. When I recovered consciousness I was in the hospital.

No Wonder!

She was a very stout, jolly-looking woman, and she was standing at the corner counter, holding in her hand an article she was returning. Evidently her attention had been suddenly drawn to the legend printed on the label, for she was overheard to murmur:

"Made expressly for John Wam-maker." Well, there! No wonder they didn't fit me!

GOVERNOR SULZER ON ROADS

In Recent Message to New York Legislature He Laid Down Law in No Uncertain Terms.

Governor Sulzer of New York is a road booster of the right type. In his recent message to